

A SAD YEAR FOR NAPOLEONS!



PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE.

PRINCE VICTOR BONAPARTE.

The DUCHESS of AOSTA. (PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE)

Not Only Have There Been No Modern "Little Corporals" Created, But the Services of the Only Eligible Bonaparte Have Been Spurned by Four Countries.

ALL Europe at war, and Prince Louis Bonaparte, great nephew of the greatest of all warriors, cannot get a chance to fight! He has offered his sword to both France and Italy, and met with polite refusals, and it is rumored he has received similar treatment from Belgium, where he formerly resided, and from Russia, whose uniform he once wore. No, Europe does not seem to want modern Napoleons.

When the war first started, the American paragraphs had great fun maintaining it was "a bum year for Napoleons." The records of Von Hindenburg, Von Kluck and Mackensen, of French and Joffre and of the Grand Duke Nicholas have partially taken the edge off the jest, but it certainly is a sad year for the descendant of Napoleon, who seems to want to get into the fight.

There are in Europe three male descendants of the first consul. Two of them are too old to go to war, but Prince Louis is a man of only forty-five, with practical military experience, and at first sight it seems odd he should not be given a chance to prove that he inherited some of the military genius that his cousin, the lamented Napoleon III, so signally failed to inherit.

The Bonaparte press in Paris hints that the government is fearful that should Prince Louis be given a commission his dazzling genius, as that of the Little Corporal, would overshadow the work of the other generals that the very foundations of the republic would for the third time be rocked and shattered and Prince Louis would return to Paris in triumph to accept the crown tendered by a wildly enthusiastic populace and thus establish another monarchy in the ashes of the Third Republic.

A truly thrilling dream, and one perhaps the expatriated Prince Louis loves to ponder over. For, you see, already he is one of the "pretenders" to the French

crown. But an old French law prohibits any descendant of the Bonapartes from ever serving in the French army.

This law was very politely called to the attention of Prince Louis at the beginning of the war. The French government was very sorry, and appreciated Louis' patriotic offer and would like to use his services—but, there was that objectionable law. No one offered to have the law repealed, however.

Then, when Italy became embroiled in the struggle, Prince Louis again tendered his sword. It was in Italy, remember, that his illustrious great uncle won his first triumphs against foreign powers. Napoleon's Italian campaign will always stand as the most brilliant of his career. But then perhaps Italy remembered the prowess of the Napoleonic name, for it very politely and formally declined to accept the proffered sword on the ground of delicacy toward its northern neighbor, France. So Prince Louis remains an exile, a man without a country, a following of any extent, or a uniform to call his own.

It is not quite clear why the war-loving "pretender" does not return to Russia, where at one time he held the rank of major general in the army and later was governor general of Erivan, Caucasus. Belgium, likewise, needs every able-bodied man for her army, and for many years Prince Louis accepted the protection and hospitality of the city of Brussels. Maybe that's the reason. For the life of Prince Louis in Brussels, as that of his elder brother, Prince Victor, was one to make a Broadway spendthrift sigh the sigh of vain longings after unattainable pleasures. Prince Victor openly kept house with a charming but unmarried lady of fashion and frivolity. Louis' habits were no less loose nor open, save that constancy was never one of his traits.

In fact, Prince Victor was too infatuated with his "home" life to ever marry or "pretend" to the satisfaction of the Bonaparte following on the continent. He once tried to marry Clementine, daughter of the dissolute King Leopold, but even Leopold could not stand for Victor's life.

When the enormously rich Princess

Mathilde died in 1903, she cut off her eldest nephew, Victor, and left her fortune to Louis, in the hope he would do more active pretending than his brother. Prince Louis is worth between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 francs, the balance of the fortune his grandfather returned with from Spain, where he was sent by his brother, Napoleon I. Victor then courted Leopold's daughter, Clementine, hoping to recapture his fortunes by inheriting the vast wealth of the hale and hearty old slinger. His cousin, the King of Italy, even sounded President Loubet of France on the match.

But old Leopold put an end to negotiations by addressing his daughter somewhat as follows: "Nay, nay, I know Victor, my poor Clementine. He will not fill the bill. He is not a man to start a new dynasty." Clementine was willing to assume the name of Bonaparte, but her father's words put an end to her hopes—and those of Victor, who returned vowing never again to leave his irregular fireside.

In fact, inability to found dynasties

seems to be a fault of all the modern Bonapartes of Europe. Prince Louis, despite his wealth, has never married. He is said to be too proud to marry beneath a princess—and the fathers of the eligible princesses of Europe have looked him over and, like Leopold, muttered "nay, nay." The "pretender," although but forty-five, is fat, bald and wheezy, due, doubtless, to his dashing life as a general in the Russian army. He is now all dashed to pieces.

The third Bonaparte of Europe is Prince Roland, who lives the retired life of an earnest scientist in Rome. He is more than sixty, too old to fight, and has not been remarried since his wife died in giving birth to his only child, a daughter, some twenty years ago. So the male line of Bonapartes in Europe is doomed soon to become extinct, even if the dashing Prince Louis is denied his ambition to fight for the cause of the allies.

The prophecy of the aged "Betty" Patterson Bonaparte nearly two generations ago may be fulfilled, after all. The dis-

carded American wife of Napoleon's brother Jerome declared after the fall of Napoleon and the death of the Prince Imperial in Africa: "My descendants will yet rule France as the only male heirs of the great Napoleon."

If any male heirs of the first consul are ever destined to rule France, the prophecy will be fulfilled, for it would seem the European branches are about out of males. There are women enough to start a dozen dynasties, but of sound males there are none. So with Victor, Louis and Roland must perish the direct Napoleonic lines in Europe.

It has been pointed out too often to bear repetition that June was always a sad month for Napoleons. It was June 18 that on the field of Waterloo Wellington, with the timely assistance of Blucher, crushed forever the Napoleonic dreams and aspirations of the first of the Bonapartes. And just 100 years later, lacking four days, Italy crushed the hopes of the last and youngest of the European Bonapartes to bear an honorable part in the greatest war waged since that Last Campaign.

Someone cruelly hinted that perhaps San Marino, the tiny republic perched high in the mountains of eastern Italy, might accept the Bonapartistic aid, but so far even that belligerent little member of the allies has failed to enlist the support of the "pretender."

There are good, healthy male Bonapartes still living, however, right here in the United States, too. They are Charles J. Bonaparte, former attorney general of the United States, and his nephew,

Jerome. They are descendants of Jerome, youngest brother of the great Napoleon, who married Elizabeth Patterson in Baltimore in 1863. They had one son, Jerome, born in 1895, and from whom the American line of Bonapartes is sprung.

Napoleon made his youngest brother renounce his American marriage and later bigamously wed Catherine of Wurtemberg, from whom another line of Jerome Napoleon descendants came; in fact, the Princes Victor and Louis of today are offspring of the Jerome-Catherine combination and thus most closely related to the American Bonapartes.

Of the five original Napoleons and their numerous children, only five direct male descendants remain, the three in Europe seemingly doomed to die without male successors, and the two American descendants of the cruelly wronged American "Princess Betty."

The Great Napoleon's son died an invalid, without having ever married. He is immortalized in "L'Aiglon." Joseph, his eldest brother, left two daughters. Of the five sons left by Lucien, his next brother, but two had male issue. The oldest, known as the Prince of Canino, had three sons, but all died without replenishing the line. The fourth, Pierre, had one son, Prince Roland, father of the present Princess Marie.

Louis, third brother of the Great Napoleon, had three sons; but only he who became Napoleon III left issue—the unhappy prince imperial, who was killed, unmarried, in Africa.

Jerome, the fourth and last brother of the Conqueror, by his marriage with Catherine of Wurtemberg was the direct ancestor of Prince Victor and Prince Louis, so that all the surviving male descendants of Napoleon's family come from the Jerome branch of the family, with the exception of the venerable Prince Roland, father of the Princess Marie and descendant of Lucien.

So, with France and Italy openly rejecting the fighting services of Prince Louis, and Russia and Belgium strangely silent toward the overtures of the "pretender" to get into the war, it would seem that poor "Betty" Patterson Bonaparte's prophecy would have to come true if the glories of the Bonaparte name are ever to be renewed in France.

Prophecies without number have been made in France and Europe that some day a Bonaparte would arise in the hour of France's need to deliver her from her enemies, even as Napoleon broke and crushed the combination against France directly after the terrible revolution. With the European lines of the Bonapartes family all but extinct, it will have to be out of the west that the new Napoleon is to come, if France is to be saved "in her hour of need."

How Sixteen-Year-Old Jimmy Garfield Won Man's Wage by Mowing

INTIMATE glimpses of the early life of President Garfield were given in an address recently at Hiram college by Dr. C. Henri Leonard, whose early home in Ohio adjoined that of the Garfields. It was Dr. Leonard's grandfather that gave Young Garfield his first farm work after "Fighting Jimmy" quit the towpath. Concerning Garfield's way of landing a job and his studious habits after working hours, Dr. Leonard said:

"It was near the close of a warm summer's afternoon, as my grandfather was sitting on the steps, looking southwards over a four-acre field of robust, waving timothy grass that was ripe for the harvest, there approached him a boy of some sixteen years of age—tall, muscular, 'raw-boned,' large-headed, with wiry, bushy hair; poorly clothed, pants not reaching down to his ankles; bare-footed, and with large eyes, and a frank, honest

face. He had a scythe swung over his shoulder, and was walking with long, though not ungainly, strides toward the farmhouse.

"His immediate question, after salutation, was: 'Do you want to hire a man?'"

"My grandfather's reply was that he did wish to hire a man, but NOT a boy.

"Instantly the boy was ready for debate, and argued the point that if a boy could do a man's work, and do it as well, then he should be entitled to a man's pay; that, so far as the laborer was concerned, age should not count against him.

"The pointedness of the boy's reply and argument arrested by grandfather's further attention, and instead of turning him abruptly away, he began questioning him about his family, and why he was on the road seeking work?

"The boy then went into his life history quite a good deal, telling of his widowed mother, the hard struggle

against poverty, how he came to work upon the canal, and why he quit the calling of 'mule driver,' and of his aspirations for a college education.

"The conversation ended with my grandfather's hiring the boy on the condition that Garfield had first named: that is, if he did a man's work, then he was to receive a man's pay. The wages then, I think, were twenty-five cents per day for harvest hands, with their room and board; the days, though, were from twelve to fourteen hours long, being from daylight to dark.

"The next morning the boy was assigned his position in the hayfield, at the south of the house (where the timothy grass was nearly three high) between four good men who had conspired to have some fun with the green, awkward country boy, who aspired to do a man's work for a man's wage!

"The boy's position was in the middle of the men; the two forward ones were the best mowers; then came the

boy; then the other two mowers to follow him in swath-making, with the open threat that they would cut his heels if he didn't keep up his swath with the leaders, and so keep out of their way.

"They had calculated on having the boy 'bushed' long before the noon hour came; but they had counted without reckoning their host!

"Swath after swath was cut around the field. The boy, instead of lagging behind, as expected, was crowding the leaders and so furnishing plenty of work-room for the two conspirators behind him, and being in no danger of punctured heels, until the noon hour had come. Things had been decidedly uncomfortable for the grown-up four, as the heated rays of the secondary sun admonished them of a well-earned rest.

"But the boy had not complained! He sat his glances in silence and when the noon hour had expired, modestly asked (and yet with an undoubted twin-

kle in his eye, for he had long before seen through their little game) if they would not allow him to 'lead' in the afternoon, as he was anxious to make his claim good to my grandfather, that he was capable of doing a man's work. This they consented to.

"The boys' hands were, indeed, sore but he made no complaint, as he struck his scythe into the heavy grass as 'leader,' or swath-maker number one in the eyes of his employers.

"If things had been uncomfortable for the four men in the forenoon, they were that getting more so as the afternoon wore along. The four wasted rest; but the boy kept steadily at work until he finally put the men 'under the bush,' as he complained with a sure, but slower swing of his scythe till the supper hour had come.

"After the evening meal was over the four men went soon to bed; but the boy asked for an extra 'yellow dip' (this is what they called candles in those early days) to take up to his room.

"What for?" said my grandfather in great surprise.

"Why, to study by, sir! I hope you have no objection, as it is the only time I have for such work, as you must well know."

"Why, certainly, none. But, bless you! you've done two men's work already today, and you ought to be in bed."

"Never mind me, Mr. Taylor! I don't feel very tired," was his modest reply.

"And study he did that night till nearly 1 o'clock in the morning. And these evening studies were kept up nightly during that summer that he worked on that Aurora farm.

"It is needless to add that he received a 'man's wage,' and over afterward received a hearty welcome at my grandfather's, where he had worked as a harvest hand, in his earlier struggles to get an education, and where the call for an extra yellow dip was almost of nightly occurrence—as his studies might then demand."